

# Where the Dead Marry the Dead.

## Strange Mystic Ceremonial in the Caucasus, Where Spirit Brides and Bridegrooms Are Wedded in Midnight Twilight.

Where the mountains of the Caucasus rear the highest and the valleys dip the deepest; where the snow lies like a pall for nine weary months, there the dead marry the dead. How old the custom, no one knows. "It has always been, good man," inquirers are told when they are told anything.

A young girl dies before she arrives at the marriage age. Her parents seek a household that has lost a son, and a marriage is arranged. The dead girl's father gives a liberal dowry to the father of the spirit groom. Sometimes it runs as high as thirty ponies.

A young man or a young woman dies after betrothal. The ceremony of marriage takes place just the same, and it is as binding in all things as though the marriage had taken place before death.

Children pledged to each other, as they frequently are, in those wild regions, pass away in infancy. Yet they are solemnly wedded.

Here is the story of an American traveler—Henry Toland—who was escorted by a guide to the country of these strange people, and at the mountain village of Terek witnessed a marriage of the dead.

"I slept, how long I do not know. Peter awakened me with a shake. I looked at my watch. It wanted half an hour of midnight.

"Peter handed me a great mantle made of the skin of the lynx. A hood was at the end and he bade me draw this over my face until it completely covered my face and for a round hole that just left room for my eyes. It was a foul, evil garment, but one gets accustomed to it in that wild region, and I minded little. Silently we stole out of the village and I, the guide, attired like myself in a flowing robe of lynx skins. The atmosphere hung lazy and uncertain, with moisture, but a trembling chill as comes further south about 3 miles' morning.

The village seemed dwarfed, like a play-house in the shadows of the hills. With the tender light the hills and singularly picturesque and peaceful, ugliness was all hidden away.

A sound. Nothing moving.

Where then are we going, Peter? I whispered.

"Let the good man keep close to me. See, we will follow those figures."

"Figures? Which figures? I see no figures."

"There, where the light is least."

"Straining my eyes in the direction where a great overhanging boulder made a patch of black, I did see the figures which before had been invisible. A score two score, say a hundred. I could not make out their numbers, so thoroughly were they shrouded in the darkness in which they moved.

"See others come!" whispered Peter, and now from a dozen or more huts I could see shrouded figures moving silently out from the walls. They stepped away into the semi-dark like ghosts. All turned in the direction in which we were going. Soon the destination toward which we were journeying became apparent. Close before us lay the little chapel on the mountain side.

"But it was not the chapel we were to seek. It was the church yard, just beyond. Rude stones, a cross here and there gleamed out of the shadows. The little mounds made by the graves rose up in irregular rows. This much I saw. Then my whole attention was invited to the shrouded figures that appeared from every direction at all times light and airy. These robes seemed hardly to touch the ground. All were clothed exactly alike, in flowing robes like those worn by Peter and myself. Their eyes gleamed with a cool, sick fire out of their cowls. They came

link boys took up the refrain again, and then the priest began to speak.

"Like the chant, his words were unintelligible to me, but they seemed addressed to the bride couple. As he finished speaking, the man and woman with the ponies moved nearer, and at the same time another couple, invisible heretofore, appeared. They were the bridegroom's parents, and their faces, too, were unveiled.

"The priest addressed them in a sing-song monotone, to which they made brief answer. Then he turned to the bride's parents and spoke a few words. They made no reply, but moving up still closer so as to be well within the lines, they handed the leading strings of the ponies to the other man and woman, and retired, muttering without the circle of pale light made by the smoking flambeaux.

"The chant rose once more, and to its rhythm the bridegroom's parents moved away, leading the shaggy ponies, which seemed as much subdued and impressed by the strange ceremony, and kept as quiet as all the rest. The tramping of the hoofs became fainter and fainter. Besides there was no sound except the chanting of the link bearers, now rising high and strident. It died out in what seemed to be a paean of thanksgiving and the priest took it up. His voice was rich and sonorous, and the notes rang out until the hills sent them back in a subdued echo.

"Silence followed again and every head was bowed as if in prayer. How long this endured I cannot say. To me it seemed hours. My limbs were rigid with the strain. The priest raised his hands on high as if calling down a blessing, stretched them across the grave over the heads of the spirit bride and her mate, and murmured some words in a trailing tone. As he finished the boys in sheepskins took up the chant anew and the notes, shrill before, now fairly rose into shrieks. The climax came when they swung their flambeaux in wide circles over their heads and suddenly dashed them in unison on the grave in front of the two figures in white, where they were extinguished in a flash.

"The sudden transition from the glare of the flambeaux, which had streaked and hissed through the air, to the semi-darkness was so sudden that I was blinded. When my eyes had become accustomed to the change the spirit figures at the grave were gone. The priest and his boys were sliding away toward the woods whence they had come. The shrouded villagers seemed to melt into the air, their shadowy figures fitting in and out among the graves.

"The marriage of the dead to the dead had been concluded.

# THE MIDNIGHT MARRIAGE OF THE DEAD.



## New Boots, Cap and Stockings for Bicycle Women.



## The Sunday Journal's Suggestion for an Up-to-Date Bicycle Dictionary.

### AIR PUMP.

(Airp=aeht, Ump=tramm.) A mechanical device for inflating rubber tires and then letting the wind out again before the aperture can be closed. Is a fine thing to operate on a hot day, as it helps the operator to perspire, and that is always a sign of good health.

Pumps are single action and double action, but the language that accompanies them is usually triple action.

### THE JOURNAL'S BICYCLE COP.

out of here to a warmer place!" Frequently used to attract notice when nobody is in the way and the ringer is doing some fancy riding. In such cases he ought to be a dead ringer.

**BICYCLE BUILT FOR TWO.** (Bicycle=aeht, Two=tramm.) A machine made expressly for a couple of persons who want to illustrate the song which runs:

You'll look sweet  
Of a bicycle built for two.  
—National Anthem.

These machines are manufactured differently, being sometimes tandem, sometimes duplex, and sometimes Dink-Botts compiler. When made in a tandem the woman rides in front, and if the riders are married folks, the husband lets his wife do all the pedalling and takes it easy at the rear. Riding on a bicycle built for two is very convenient when a breakdown occurs, as either rider can then have the satisfaction of blaming the other for the mishap.

**BICYCLE COP.** (Cyc=aeht, Cop=tramm.) A scribe allowed by law. Wears a blue uniform and has his machine geared up to 100. Can see in the dark if a wheelman's lamp is lit or not. Principally used to arrest truckmen, street car drivers and all others who drive in the way of wheelmen.

### BI. CRANK.

**BICYCLE CRANK.** (Crank=aeht, Bike=tramm.) 1. The part to which the pedals are attached more or less firmly. 2. A person whose mental faculties have been so intensely concentrated on a bicycle that he or she becomes totally unable to think or talk of anything else. Mild and harmless, but should be avoided by non-bicyclists.

**BICYCLE FACE.** (Face=aeht, Bike=tramm.) A fearful and apparently incurable disease resulting from attempts not to run over old ladies who lose their heads in the middle of the road. Caused also by riders looking back to see if their best girls or wives are in danger of being run over by truckmen.

**BICYCLE GIRL.** (Bike=tramm, Girl=aeht.)

**BICYCLER.** (Bike=tramm, Cler=aeht.) Derivation unknown, as no one has been told the name of the man that sat astride the first machine. A peculiar individual, who does not speak English, but converses with others of his race in a distinct language known

### BRAKE.

only to themselves, and absolutely untranslatable by outsiders.

He has an idea that the whole surface of the earth belongs to him, and will fight for it by running down any one who dares to contest it with him. He will try and kill the other man. In some times killed himself by a passing heavy wagon, and his friends then wrote to the papers demanding several more earths as their inalienable right. Is full of fun, but doesn't know it. Pity is unknown to him, and he is generally a persecutor on the subject of his "trans."

**BLOOMERS.** [Bloo=baggy; More=pants.] An article of clothing worn only by female cyclists. Never put on for the purpose of escaping notice if anybody wants to admire a well-shaped leg of link, but often worn by women who put them on just because they know their husbands disapprove of them.

**NOTE.**—It is considered a sign of ill-luck when they tear, and they are usually a source of anxiety to the wearer. Very large ones take the place of whiskers in denoting the direction of prevailing winds. Bloomers are never worn upside down.

**BRAKE.** [Br=aeht, K=tramm.] A contrivance for reducing speed when speed is dangerous, and is therefore very unpopular with wheelmen. Magistrate Wentworth thought it ought to be used by all bicyclists, but they managed to persuade the people that it wasn't needed.

## MEASURING AN ODOR.

### Science Shows Us the Way to Identify Smells Unerringly.

Nothing is more subtle, more evanescent, than an odor, and one would think that it were a domain likely to remain forever free from scientific measurement, it would be that of scents.

But now comes M. Eugene Mesnard, a French biologist, and proceeds to unlock the main gate of the fastness that had seemed impregnable. He has discovered a simple and easy method of measuring the intensity of an odor. Modern authorities hold that the progress of a science is rapid in proportion to the ease with which measurements may be performed in it. Electricity made almost no progress at all till exact methods of measuring charges and currents and the forces of electric attraction and repulsion were devised; and when these were perfected it went ahead almost at a bound. Who can tell what the science of odors will or will not do, now that the prime essential to its progress has been discovered?

We are already able by the sense of smell to distinguish very exactly between different kinds of scents—every man, with out special practice, can doubtless recognize hundreds of substances with the aid of the nose alone. We can tell whether one whiff of ammonia is more or less powerful than another, but we cannot assign a number to each. The more powerful one might be twice or three or a hundred times as powerful as the other, for all we can tell.

And who, to go further still, would venture to assign the exact strength of a whiff of ammonia that should be equal to an entirely different odor—say the perfume of a rose? Yet all this, and more, M. Mesnard has done.

He takes advantage of the delicate qualitative power of the sense of smell; that is, of its ability to discriminate between odors, he they different only by a very little. He finds that if some very characteristic odor be mingled with the one to be measured there is a certain proportion of the two where they balance, as it were, and form what he calls a "neutral odor." In this state the addition of a very little more of either scent causes that one to predominate. When they are thus balanced, the intensities of the two odors are equal, and by properly choosing a standard odor we can thus compare all odors with it and hence, indirectly, with each other.

This is the way M. Mesnard goes to work to make his measurement. The perfume whose intensity is to be measured, or the object that gives it off, say a bunch of violets, is confined under a bell-glass. The odor of turpentine is pumped in by squeezing a rubber bulb till the "neutral odor" is obtained, the experimenter "keeping watch," as it were, by smelling at a connecting tube. Then the mixed scents are admitted, a little bit at a time, into a jar containing glowing phosphorus. The amount admitted is registered by the turns of a handle and the number of turns necessary to put out the phosphorus gives the measure of the quantity of turpentine, and hence of the intensity of the odor that was neutralized by it.

We may expect, if such measurements as this are to be carried out very frequently, a great increase of delicacy in smell among those who perform them. At present this sense has been much neglected. The process of evolution have passed it by on one side in the human species, although in others—the dog, for instance—it has been marvellously developed. But as certain modern authorities have pointed out, man has, to a great extent, taken his evolution into his own hands.

Perhaps M. Mesnard is giving us a little shove toward an almost dog-like perfection of scent.

## PARIS'S NEW APOSTLE.

### Only Nine Years Old, He Sees Visions and Performs Marvellous Cures.

Paris has a new apostle. He is Paul Delport, nine years old. His word—visions and marvellous cures have aroused all France. Just now he is the idol of the people.

This strange boy, despite his tender years, speaks fluently French, Spanish, German, Japanese, Hindoostanee, Latin and Greek. The first manifestation of his strange powers was disclosed in a most singular manner. While playing with his comrades young Delport fell asleep beneath a clump of bushes and later was discovered by the abbe of the parish, who awoke him with a reprimand.

The boy started, rubbed his eyes and then fell upon his knees and with hands uplifted recited an eloquent address in Latin to the astonished abbe. Then, before the priest had recovered from his surprise, young Delport described a vision he had seen while asleep in the bushes.

"I saw," said he, "the holy St. Joseph, bearing in his hand a stalk of lilies, and beside him St. Paul, in a trailing robe of gray, and carrying a staff such as pilgrims use. They walked together, and as they passed down the valley I heard strains of heavenly music, that seemed to proceed from the leaves and branches of the great trees. St. Joseph then vanished, and St. Paul returned, and spoke with me. The saint told me to seek for the church bells of St. Amiens, that I would find buried near an old well."

The boy then accurately described the spot where the bells were located. Some days later he made another statement in which he declared that near the spot where the bells were to be found two human skeletons were buried.

Laborers were set to work, who unearthed two skeletons buried some ten feet in the ground. The space was excavated within a radius of twenty feet, and there, curiously enough, the bells, covered with mould and rust, were brought to light.

Delport's next announcement was that St. Joseph had informed him of an era of remarkable prosperity, to take place throughout France during the coming year under the condition that religious sentiment and belief animated the minds of its statesmen. He predicted an era of peace and plenty and the restoration of Alsace and Lorraine to the domain of France, which would return to its former place as one of the great powers of the universe.

In language eloquent and powerful the child described the dangers that menaced France as a republic, and predicted monarchy as its successor.

A remarkable cure attributed to him is that of Victor Battaille, an aged farmer, for years bedridden and helpless. The boy visited the old man and declared that St. Joseph had instructed that Battaille be converted to the rules of St. Amiens, there to remain in prayer a day and a night, and that, upon the expiration of this period, his health would be restored.

Battaille managed to borrow a cart and donkey from his neighbors, by whom he was driven to the ruins. Despite their protests the old man insisted upon remaining alone. Here he rested during the prescribed time and afterward returned on foot to his cottage, a distance of five miles. The boy claims to have received a visit from Vitellius, third Emperor of ancient Rome, who has lately spoken to him in his own name.

"Vitellius came to me," he declares, "and, after expressing sorrow for his career of gluttony and vice, counselled me to deny myself food during three days."

"During this fast St. Joseph and St. Paul directed that I should go among the poor and aid them with contributions from those who were prosperous."

## A NEW TELEPHONE IDEA.

### This Plan Will Prevent Many of the Annoyances That Irritate Mankind.

One of the leading electric papers published an extended description of the new Telephone Exchange at Worcester, Mass., which is said to be the most complete yet established. The description of the new switchboard, while intended to interest electricians, will also interest the subscriber, who will appreciate that the delays that cause him to grow heart sick, the sudden, whirling sounds that assail his ears, the mysterious silence that descends upon the bar, and which will continue unbroken as long as he remains standing at the instrument, with the receiver screwed into his ear; the discovery that he is talking to 4000 Brooklyn when he asked for 777 Harlem—all these are the fault of Central's mechanical appliances, and not the result of any dislike the telephone girl has formed for you without reason.

This new switchboard is the first multiple ever constructed employing automatic signals, and it is unquestionably the most rapidly operating board ever constructed. Not only is an operator enabled to complete the work of making a connection for a subscriber whose call she answers, but the signals are so skilfully arranged that she has constant knowledge of the several connections under her charge. It is not necessary for the operator to listen into the line to determine whether a subscriber has answered his bell nor to find out whether or not he has finished talking, for all this and more is shown her by the lamp signals placed upon the keyboard.

When the subscriber removes his telephone from the hook it lights a lamp upon the switchboard, which indicates that the operator must place a plug in a jack close beside a lighted lamp.

The placing of this plug extinguishes the line lamp, and on receiving the number wanted, the operator places the second plug of the pair in the jack of the subscriber to be called, which lights a lamp on the keyboard corresponding to that particular cord, which lamp remains lighted until the called-for subscriber removes his telephone from the hook.

This lamp then goes out and the connection is allowed to remain until both lamps in this set of cords light. The operator understands by this that both subscribers have replaced their telephones on the hook, and her duty then is to take down the cords and plugs which automatically extinguishes the lights.